

dapat nating maalala\*

*poetry and prose by the students of  
Tagalog On Site, Summer 2002*

\*dapat nating maalala is a compilation of poetry and essays by TOS Summer 2002 program participants

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*On the cover:* Tatay Severino stands before Barangay Tادلak's island. The missing land is a result of illegal rock quarrying, a way that people made money by selling the rocks to construction companies. *Photograph courtesy of Melissa Liwanag.*

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I wish to thank Ginang Irma Pena Gosalvez for her help in editing the Tagalog portions of this book. Salamat din kay Susan at mga komunidad sa Pilipinas. Naging inspirasyon po kayo para sa aming mga Fil-Ams. Tinulungan ninyo kaming maalaala ang aming kasaysayan, kultura, at wika. Ngayon alam namin na meron kaming maraming kaibigan sa aming inangbayan. Hindi namin maLilimutan ang inyong mga mukha, pangalan, at mga kuwento.

Maraming salamat po sa inyong lahat!

**Tagalog on Site**  
Summer 2002

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## Ang Dating ng Isang Balikbayan

Graceanne Bello

“Ay naku!” my Tita Lorna exclaims upon sighting me outside Manila’s airport. “Graceanne!” All two hundred pounds of her labors to rush up to me and give me a hug. She sports a loose fitting blue T-shirt and shortened cotton pants to combat the heat. Individual beads of sweat crown her forehead, even in the toddling morning warmth.

She looks me up and down. Me, the Americana, in my wool Banana Republic sweater and iridescent Express pants. Me, with platform shoes that make me taller than most of the men here. She examines my thin frame, which looks considerably healthier than the last time she saw me six years before. “Before, you don’t eat,” she observes, “but you are okay na.”

My little brother, Anthony, frantically fans himself with his passport, unaccustomed to the heat and humidity. My father, chattering in Tagalog too fast for my untrained ears, embraces his cousins one by one and tells them about our flight.

I examine my surroundings, this entryway to a home halfway around the world. The exterior of Aquino International Airport resembles a snapshot of prehistory. Trees crane above buildings and welcome color-splashed birds to their fronds. The long, green stalks that surround them bloom into animal-like flowers, their orange petal-beaks open and loquacious.

As we wait for Lorna’s brother’s car to load our luggage and bring us to their home in Manila, I look around at the other newly arrived passengers. Like my family, they are Filipino, greeting relatives with exclamations of weight lost or inches grown. We all travel with large boxes that read balikbayan on the side. The word combines the words balik, return, and bayan, country. Yet, I was too young to remember my last two visits to the Philippines.

I was not returning. I was arriving for the first time.

## **Our Island**

Eugene Gambol

The colonial mentality has conditioned our minds  
De-rooting our heritage and planting foreign lies  
The Filipino mind deteriorates to dust  
Unable to grow

A "Monkey" hangs in limbo  
No stable land to brace his fall  
From the foreign devil that teases the life  
That hangs by a thread

A connection or reconnection  
To a heritage and culture  
The branches that reach from ancestors  
To the roots that give stability

The ground one can call his country  
An indigenous land  
A Garden of Eden  
A rebirth of a nation

Its tongue is not silenced  
His brown skin bathes in the sun  
Enlightened by a reconciliation  
In the beauty of the islands

## **Intrusion Story**

Eugene Gambol

Articulation of ideas  
Manipulation of ignorance  
Truth and Lies  
Thought and Emotions  
Coursing through our souls

A river flows through our nation  
Its tributaries give life to communities  
At its peak we see the beauty of the world  
At its foot we submit to its greatness  
A home we call our own

The blood that runs through these veins  
Spills out from the wounds of a foreign pain  
The benign face of an ignorant imperialist  
His hand of power and the crimes of injustice  
The brown body suffers under white hatred

Its extravagant castles tower over the weak  
Its flag claims an indigenous land and culture  
Through its swords they put fear into the natives  
And its chains of injustice brain washes  
A society and later a nation

The brown skin is whitened by chemicals  
She assimilates to his culture and serves his whims  
Her feet are bounded and her tongue is silenced  
She doubts her self worth and forgets her history  
The scars reveal the suppressed rape

The rice terraces lead steps to its future  
Isolated by the harsh winds coming from abroad  
The mountains preserve and protect its natural resources  
In the caves hide their subversives to global dominance  
Its agriculture feeds the mouths of revolution

Not a Manifest Destiny of justice  
But a Brown Destiny of humanity  
The contract was sealed in her blood  
Her bolos swing in agony for freedom  
She falls to her knees to pray to his god

The mangroves sustain her ecosystem until  
The fragrance of the sampaguita on her wrists  
Draws the foreigners to her womb and gives birth  
To an illegitimate son who changes the face of a nation  
And the undisturbed soil is mined with white locusts

Her son runs wild throughout the home  
Disrespecting her love and ignoring her pleas  
The father has gone and has not returned for the family  
A ghost who haunts a confused son and wife  
The home crumbles to the ground

## Outside the Golden Palace

Eugene Gambol

We leave and try to forget the hard life we had  
The unwanted despair and regrets  
We return to remember our home and history  
A life we call our own

The dreams that we had of living abroad  
Pulled us away towards a fantasy  
The golden roads that promised the heavens  
A utopia that we can make for our children

The heat that we lived with in the Philippines  
Without food or water  
Worthy for the future of our children to claim  
The promising happiness we can imagine in this world

A golden palace imposes its image  
On the oppressed and forgotten souls  
The golden mountain is a relentless peak  
With impossible obstacles to its golden gates

A glimpse of heaven on this forsaken reality  
Few can overcome with endurance and love  
A life dripping of sorrow and pain  
With the strength in the love of a child

As my child enters this world  
Heed these words:  
You will never return to my sorrow  
A life like that of a dog

No longer living off the scraps of others  
But the delicacies that heaven possesses  
Overcome a history of faults and re-educate  
See the beauty in love and the evils in hatred  
You are not just a Filipino

But a child of God who can change the world  
To one without discrimination and inequity  
Questioning and finding peace in its contradictions

See the lies that have held me down  
Doubt their validity and enlighten the ignorant  
Make right what was once wrong  
Child of the future

You are not an ignorant soul  
Who suffers from my faults  
But stands up for justice for mankind  
An educated individual of the world

Fight this relentless struggle  
Of the oppressed and forgotten  
Remember the fathers and mothers  
That shed their tears and blood

A silenced prisoner of an internment world  
By a benign face who charmed through lies  
Breaking the promises of a blood compact  
Its values and beliefs that confuse

As a Filipino  
Unique to a world of chaos  
I claim my roots of subjugation  
In limbo as a Filipino American

I have privilege and the obligation  
To remember my parent's past  
Its history of relentless struggle  
I can draw strength from the forgotten heroes

We can remember their battles  
And understand a void in ignorant history  
The shame in colonization  
The injustice to an innocent Filipino

Unaware of this benign face  
Who subjugated the purity of Filipino culture  
Diminished by a foreign ignorance  
Assimilation to a foreign mentality

Understand your past to see its future  
A palace built on lies of another  
You are not the other  
But the one who understands

The contradictions of inequity  
Between the Third World and the First  
Who defines truth or justice  
The First in perspective is the Last

In following a world  
In subjugation of a Filipino  
In oppression of the minority  
In manipulation of history

A reality we can remember and claim our own  
A golden palace built with indigenous bloodshed  
Perpetuating the foundation of inequality  
Is torn down by chained hands

Setting free an untold story  
Liberating suppressed tears of injustice  
A country can heal from this psychological battle  
Rebuilding an identity without constraints

The color of our skin is exposed  
No more secrets concealed in deceit  
An old sin is put in its grave

And a new sun is born on an island paradise

**Ang Kahapon ay Nagdaan**  
Athena Advincula

Ang kahapon ay nagdaan  
Ang bukas ay dadating  
Nagsimula sa konting inuman  
Na nauwi sa pagiging magkakaibigan  
Nangakong walang iwanan  
Ngunit umalis ng hindi namamalayan  
Lumipas na ang panahon  
Ang ngayon ay kailangang harapin  
Sana bukas ay kaya pa rin gumimik.

## **Why Am I Really Here?**

### **a journal entry**

Athena Advincula

Why am I really here? Don't I know what's goin' on? Lagi na lang nagreklamo pero wala naman ginagawa.... I shouldn't be complaining about how things are here...

It's true, we all ask for too much, some more than others... so why do I wanna be a part of that? I should know better than that. We say we are all here for some self-growth. . . then why are we always reklamo-ing? People are doing so much for us already and most of us take that for granted... man, we have to grow up and face the music....

It's unfair that we act like we are more privileged than they are. Sure we got the power, we got the pera...but that doesn't give us any right to take advantage of them. We always reklamo about how much discrimination we encounter everyday. . . how we don't get the same rights as the other races do.. . but look at us! We doin' the same thing these colonizers did to us... even worse that we are doin' it to our own blood. We come here to find ourselves but we don't even open up and let other people come in.

All we care about is ME... whatever happened to the COMMUNITY?

## Essay

Athena Advincula

hindi ko inaasahan na magiging malapit ako sa lahat ng mga kasama ko dito sa TOS. Sa sandaling panahon naming pagsasama, marami na kaming mga pinagdaanan. Masaya man o malungkot, nakakatakot o nakakaiyak, lahat ng iyan ay nagawa na namin. Itinuring naming ang isa't isa na parang kapatid. Isang pamilya kaming naghahanap ng aming mga sarili. At ang namuong pagmamahalan at pagkakaibigan ay habang buhay naming itatago at aalagaan.

...araw-araw, gabi-gabi magkakasama kaming lahat... at sa loob ng anim na linggong kulitan, asaran, tawanan, at kuwentuhan, lahat ay naibahagi na namin sa isa't isa.

... ngunit bawa't simula ay may katapusan. Kaming ay kailangan magpaalam. Sa kamalas-malasan, malapit nang matapos ang programang nagbigay sa amin ng pagkakataong makilala ang aming mga sarili at ang isa't isa.

...ngunit kahit kailangan man namin mamaalam, hindi mawawala parang bula ang aming pinagsamahan. Na kahit hindi na kami magkakasama ulit sa iisang bubong, ang mahalaga ay mayroong sandaling kami ay magkakasama, nagtatawanan, nagloloohan, nag-iiyakan, nagkakantahan, nagkukulitan. Tapos na nga ang programa ngunit hindi ito dahilan para magwakas ang aming inumpisahan. Wala na ngang ingay wala na ngang kulitan, wala nga ngang kantahan, wala na ngang tawanan... pero ang tanong: wala na nga ba?

## **Bonding**

Eugene Gambol

Pop open up that cold beer  
Our inhibitions disappear in these spirits  
You are dark strangers of my past  
But you are my family that I can't forget

I've come from half way around the world  
I've known you for a couple days  
But it seems like I've known you all my life  
You are my uncle, aunt, and cousin.

Marunong Ako ng Tagalog  
Pero konti lang  
I scratch my head in agony  
At the uncertainties in our conversation

We exchange puzzled looks of difficulty  
We struggle through the language barrier  
The Karabao English and Tagalog  
Flows in our slurring words after every bottle

"Pasensiya," we say to each other  
But we are grateful for this moment  
A short time together as a family again  
Despite the distances that we have

We have grown up in different countries  
We have struggled in different ways  
Each with his own insights  
Together we learn more about ourselves

A Filipino  
A Filipino-American  
A bond compacted in blood  
A reflection of our in

## Family History

Graceanne Bello

The day before Christmas, Tito Meo drives my family to visit Lola Conchit, my maternal grandmother's cousin.

Having visited my family in the States several times, she is the one relative I feel acquainted with. Lola Conchit stayed at our house in Cupertino for a few months when I was twelve. She tutored me in playing the piano, a hobby my mother forced upon me and a hobby I hated. She got me into the habit of praying the rosary and encouraged me to read the Bible. Unlike my grandmother, Lola Conchit had a good command of English and could thus communicate with me and mentor me.

"Pasok, pasok," she tells us and welcomes us into her two-story home. Among the potted palms are framed sepia photographs of relatives at their weddings and, later, with their newborn children. Red felt stockings with fake white fur lining adorn the walls and staircase railing.

"Oh, René, kumusta ka na?" she asks.

"E. . . mabuti po," he answers.

"You know," she says, leaning against her china cabinet, "I prayed for her many times. In fact, the same day you called to tell me that she had passed, I had donated money to the church. But I suppose it was too late na."

"Opo," my dad says, staring at the floor.

"How are you and the kids getting along without Charito?" she asks, as if Anthony and I aren't here to answer.

"Okay lang po. It's a little bit lonely, but you have to get used to it."

"Well, it's for the best, 'di ba? Aurora told me she was suffering... So many medicines, always sleeping..."

"Opo." My dad's head nods.

"Kids," she says suddenly. "Would you like something to eat? I have adobo, leche flan, arrozcaldo..." Lola Conchit leads me to the kitchen where plates of food await.

As my father and brother sit in the living room, she addresses me as if in confidence.

"You should know the history of your parents," she says, sitting me down. "Did you know, this was the favorite meeting place of your mom and your dad? When they both went to different colleges, they would meet here and sit on that sofa and talk. I was their chaperone."

I reach for some puto and chew on it slowly.

"Your father is so happy-go-lucky; his brother Mario was always the serious one... Can you imagine, your father just accompanied your mother to the U.S. after they graduated from college! Sus! Just because your girlfriend and her family leave the country, you follow to where you have no family at all!"

She shoves more food toward me, gesturing for me to eat more.

"But that is just how they are, eh. Lucky to be rich, lucky to find each other, lucky to move to the States, lucky to get married and have such an obedient daughter. And a tall son! Sus, look at Anthony!"

As my father and brother open an old family photo album to look at fading pictures, I sit at the kitchen table listening to Lola Conchit. "You must know the story of your family. . ." she insists.

I shut my ears from the sound of the balut vendor, the Quezon City traffic, and the street children playing outside.

I set aside the noise of my sadness so that I may listen.

**my love**  
Graceanne Bello

my love is  
the wind  
blown through bamboo stalks,  
the current  
that guides the bangka,  
the rumble  
deep in the belly  
of the volcano:  
a subtle force  
that moves the world.

**Filipina**  
Eugene Gambol

Her body drifts peacefully on a sea of dreams  
The intense sun browns her soft and fragile skin  
As the humid air blows through the rice fields  
Her hair hides a face of an angel of heaven  
The eyes slant opening a door to a soul from God  
An articulate mind that can enlighten the shadows  
Of the lies and bloody swords of foreign devils  
She questions the sins against her indigenous identity  
Her voice enchants her listeners of her story  
A man falls to her beauty and the soft touch of her lips  
He slowly breathes the perfume on her neck  
A seducing fragrance as sweet as a sampaguita  
He gently strokes her neck with his fingers  
Then her shoulders where he can test his worries  
Finding himself at the peaks of love  
Feeding her sons and savoring their desires  
A wonder that gives life in Banaue  
Stepping closer towards heaven and a new life  
In the womb their love is born, an innocent soul  
He grasps her hips in joy as her legs shake  
A strong foundation of a family and home  
They lay sweating looking up into the stars  
A new life built on love and devotion

**To you, to me**  
Desiree Sayther

It's a hot day,  
Heat bleeding out of everything,  
The stagnant air's thickness smothers.  
You've come to see  
What it's like where these people live.  
You've come to practice  
Speaking Tagalog.  
You've come to learn  
The relations between here and everywhere else.  
And the image in any direction you look is an issue.  
This barangay's whole life is an issue.

To you, it was just hot,  
And they were just poor,  
And this was a place to pass by  
    In your car  
On the way to better places.

You've been here four or five times already -  
Its easy to like the Philippines  
When you're only eating the creme  
filling  
Then you'd go home and rave about it

I was in that same barangay,  
Legs welded to a plastic chair with sweat,  
Children running and throwing plastic army men all  
around me.  
I looked up at the clouds  
And a sweet little breeze blew,  
Trickling its fingers over my face and neck,  
Tangling itself in my hair.  
It was the same sky I had been taking for granted.  
It was just one thing learned  
The day I was crushed  
under the weight of Navotas.

## **Pilipino Ako**

Athena Advincula

Pilipino ako.

Gustuhin ko man o hindi,

Wala akong magagawa.

Maraming mga bagay na laging

Nakadikit sa pagiging Pinoy

Katulad ng masarap na lumpia,

O ng maringal na Tinikling,

O ng matitingkad na mga ilaw ng Malate.

Ngunit sa bawat kagandahan,

Mayroon din kapangitan...

Ang masisikip na daan ng Manila,

Ang walang pakundangang gobyernoo,

Ang palaging pagkahuli sa pinagusapang oras.

Pilipino ako.

Ipinagmamalaki ko ito sa buong mundo.

Pero bakit ang iba sa ating mga Pilipino,

Sarili na ngang wika ikinakahiya pa?

Bakit kinailangan pang umalis sa bansang tinubuan?

Sa dinami-dami ng kayamanan ng Pilipinas,

Hindi ba sapat ang pagsilbihan ang inang bayan?

Ngunit ito naman kami

Pilit isinisiksik ang aming sarili

Makilala lang ang aming pinanggalingan.

**Pang-amoy. Pandinig. Panlasa. Paningin. Pandama.**

Genevieve Espinosa

Mavroong mabango sa simoy ng hangin. Ang samyo ng sampagita ay dahan-dahang tumatangay at humahabi sa pagitan ng mga damo. Nakapagitna sa magkayakap na mga kamay ng magkasintahan, pinasisidhi ng init ng araw ang halimuyak nito. Ngumingiti ang araw sa dalawang magkasuyong naghahalikan sa ilalim ng puno. Ang matamis na pagliligawan nila ay nagpapaalala sa akin ng harana ng mga romanitikong binata. Mayroong mabango sa simoy ng hangin. Bumubulong ang panahon ng pagyabong. Langhapin mong mayumi ang kasaganaan. *Pang-amoy.*

Sssh. . . Makinig ka. Naririning mo ba ang dumarating? Makinig kang mabuti. Umaambon sa labas. Payapang pumapatak ito sa mga halaman at mga bulaklak. Nagbubulungan sa tenga ang aking mga magulang sa Tagalog. Lumalakas ang pagpatak ng ulan sa labas. Lumulukso-lukso at tumutulo sa tabi ng bubong ng bahay. Para bang nagsasagutan ang mga patak. Sinasalo ng tatay ko ang mga salitang pinapakawalan ng nanay ko pero para sa akin ito ay mga lagaslas lang. Galit na bumubuhos ang ulan at umuugong ang kulog sa langit na kulay abo. Bakit ito sumisigaw? Ang bagyo ay kumakabog ng puwersahan sa pintuan. Kahit nasa kabilang kuwarto ako, nararamdaman kong umuuga ang bahay dahil sa kanilang mga salita. Habang nakadungaw sa bintana, naghihintay ako sa kuwarto na tumila ang bagyo. Sa wakas, tumigil ang pag-ulan. Nabalik ang katahimikan at lahat ay payapa. *Pandinig.*

Sa palengke, nagbebenta ang manang ng kanyang mga gulay, prutas, itlog, at isda. Mahirap tumawad sa mga paninda niya. Kung papalarin ka bibigyan ka niya ng magandang presyo. Sa kanya mabibili ang pinakamasarap na tuyo sa palengke. Sa anumang paraan ang paghahain ng lola ng almusal, mas masarap ang kanin dahil sa kaalatan ng tuyo. Kapag maalat ang pagkain, mas nakakaganang kumain. Siguro, ang labis na pagmamahal at katangian ang siyang nagpapalusog sa atlng mga tao. *Panlasa.*

May kasabihan na kung may paruparo na pumasok sa isang kuwarto, ito ay isa sa iyong mga ninuno na bumibisita sa iyo. Noong nakaraang dalawang gabi, pinagmasdan ko ang isang paruparo na umikot-ikot sa taas ng aking ulo. Mayroon itong puti at itim na mga pakpak na ipinapagaspas habang umiikot sa akin. Hindi ko nakilala ang aking lolo at lola sa tuhod pero nakakapagpalagay ng loob na binabantayan pa rin ako ng mga kaluluwa nila. Alam kong malaya at maganda na ang kanilang buhay dahil dito. *Paningin.*

“Ako ay masaya  
Ikaw ay masaya  
Tayong lahat ay masaya  
Sayaw sayaw ng konti  
Kamay iwagayway  
Baywang ikembot kembot  
Ng paikot”

Naririnig ko ang kanilang kanta mula sa parke at lumapit ako para pagmasdan ang paglalaro nila ng sipa. Pero nang lapitan ko sila, tumigil sila at tumingin sa akin na may pagkamagha. Pinukaw ng kamusmusan nila ang aking puso at hindi ko masaway na ngumiti sa kanila. Bumalik sila sa kanilang paglalaro. Lumingon ako ng bahagya at sa ilang pulgada lang ang layo sa akin, may isang malungkot na batang babaeng nakaupo. Mukha siyang kawawa sa kaniyang nakalugay na buhok at punit-punit na damit. Dahan-dahan siyang lumapit sa akin kahit na may mabigat siyang pasan. “Bili ka ng turon, mam?” Ang pagkaasam sa kanyang mata ang pumukaw sa aking puso, sa pagmamakaawang bumili ng kahit ano. “Sige” ang sagot ko.

Inabot niya ang maliliit niyang kamay at sa isang iglap nahawakan ko ang mga kalyo sa kaniyang kamay na napapahayag sa kanyang kalungkutan at kahirapang dinanas. Nang tinanong ko... sinabi niya na maglalakad siyang pauwi na mag-isa sa pagsapit ng paglubog ng araw. Lumiingon ako upang tignan kung naroon pa ang ibang bata... ngunit sa aking paglingon upang kausapin ang batang babae – patungo na siya sa kaniyang landas pauwi upang magpatuboy sa pagbebenta. *Pangdama.*

## Camp Aguinaldo

Liza Mendoza

Sometimes it isn't a straight path.

It's a circle.

We do some things over and over again:

Wake up and see the sunrise,

And go back home during sunset.

And sometimes it's good to revisit

Places love ones laughed and sang--

Even if I can remember tanks,

Gunshots, soldiers, dictators, generals,

and nuns racing in my mind.

Going back

To pick up where I left behind.

Minsan, hindi isang matuwid na daan ang buhay.

Minsan, ito ay isang bilog.

Ulit natin ginagawa ang mga ibang kilos:

Gumigising sa pagsikat ng araw,

Umuuwi sa paglubog ng araw..

At minsan, mabuting balikan

Ang mga lugar kung saan tumawa at nagsaya ang ating minahal—

Bagama't naaala ko ang mga tangke,

Ang putok ng baril, ang sundalo, diktador, heneral,

O ang mga madre ala-alang tumatakbo sa isip ko.

Bumabalik muli

Upang ipatuloy ang iniwan ko.

## Essay

Eugene Gambol

Parang mas matindi ang init ng araw sa Pilipinas. Tumatama sa Pilipinas ang alinsangan ng init sa ibang pamamaraan. Pinahina ng init ng araw ang mga nagugutom na Pilipino pero nagbibigay buhay sa mabangong sampaguita at sa matinkad na berdeng mga halaman sa bundok Banahaw. Sinusukat ng kayumangging balat ng tao ang kasipagan na nagsasabi na naranasan niya ang kahirapan. Ang namumuong pawis sa noo niya, ang tumutulong luha sa pisngi niya, at ang dumadabog na dugo sa ugat niya ay naglalarawan ng bahagi ng pagiging Pilipino. Pero sinumang gustong maalala ng matamis na mangga, ang pagpapatuloy ng katutubong Pilipino at magandang hagdan-hagdang palayan ng Banaue. Nakalatag sa ilalim ng araw ang mabuti at ang masama. Nakatayo ang hindi nakikilala sa dilim. Nahirap at maproblema ang pagiging Pilipino. Walang hanggan at nagbabago ang mga tanong ng pagkakakilala. Ang pagtuklas natin sa ating mga sarili ang magbibigay ng liwanag.

**Gana**

Eugene Gambol

Natulog tayo nang mas gutom  
Nangarap tayo ng mas magandang buhay  
Gumising tayo na mas gutom

Kailangan ang pagkain, ang tubig, at karunungan  
Nagpupuno tayo ng sikmura  
Nagpupuno tayo ng uhaw  
Pinalilinaw natin ang ating isip

Nakikibaka tayo para sa mas magandang buhay,  
Buhay na may ligaya

**The Right to Live**  
Eugene Gambol

As we stand up for ourselves,  
We fight for meaning in life  
A place in this fucked-up world.  
I fight for my rights in the States,  
Against any kind of discrimination,  
Yet in the Philippines life itself is a battle.  
I will stand after my fight, bruised,  
But many Filipinos may be buried after their stand.  
I come from privilege in the States,  
But many Filipinos are born into hunger.

This distance divides us  
Across many miles of difference,  
But it is connected with related struggles,  
The same blood that runs in each battle  
Articulates a difficult history  
For freedom,  
For a meal for our children,  
So that they may not live  
In a world full of hatred  
And fight everyday.

An institution or mentality  
Holds us down  
Without reason or question.  
Its power disempowers us.  
We hide in fear and hatred,  
Hiding behind slanted eyes  
Because we are dark....  
Oblivious to it all?

We are not oppressed;  
Filipinos are educated.  
Our eyes peer into the disparities

We question this fucked-up world.  
Our stand is against those forces  
That deprive us of our rights,  
Those rights that give us life.  
A life for ourselves,  
For our children.

A right:  
Life.